

Coming Events Cast Their Shadows Before

By F. A. MITCHEL.

Nicolas Morill when that war broke out between France and Austria in which Italy joined as an ally of France was a young citizen of Rome. When Morill signified his intention to enter the Italian army his friends shook their heads, declaring that there was nothing of the soldier in him.

"You had better study for the church," they said to him, "or, rather, secure a position as professor in a university. You will be studying the clouds some fine day, and while you are wondering whence they come and where they are drifting a cannon ball will come along and take off your head."

One person, however, was confident that Nicolas would return a hero. This was Bianca Tarantola, his sweetheart.

The young recruit, being of a fanciful turn of mind, must needs select that arm of the service for which he was least fitted. Though he had never been on a horse, he enlisted in a cavalry regiment. As luck would have it, the company to which he belonged was assigned to a general's headquarters to act as couriers and a guard for their commander's person. One day when the general called upon Nicolas to carry a message to the private, turning his horse, suddenly lost his balance and fell to the ground. The general, seeing that the youngster was unfitted to go dashing about as a courier, made him his bugler, in which position he would be expected to stick to the general. Nicolas didn't know how to sound a bugle, but that didn't matter.

The general received an order one day to march his command to re-enforce the allies who were fighting the Austrians some miles distant. Leaving his way in a wood, he brought his men to a halt in dire distress of mind. If he failed to bring relief to those sorely pressed he would be in disgrace. Nicolas sat on his horse looking at the sky as if in a dream.

"Ride out into the open," cried the general to him impatiently, "and see if you can get a view to help us to find our way!"

"I think, general," said Nicolas, pointing, "we should go in that direction."

"Why so?"

"I see birds hovering."

"What has that got to do with it?"

"They are waiting to get at the dead."

The general strained his eyes for the birds, then gave an order to advance in an entirely different direction from which he had been moving. He reached the battlefield just in time to save the allies from defeat.

On another occasion the general was hard pressed by the Austrians, with a river at his back, and if he did not find means of crossing before his enemy could bring up re-enforcements he would be captured with his whole command.

"Look up at the sky," he said to Nicolas, "and see if you can tell me how to get across the river."

"This time, general," replied the young man, "I have been looking at the ground for a means of crossing."

"Well, it matters not to me whether you look at the sky or the ground. If you show me how to get across the river you shall be a captain and my aide-de-camp."

"These rocks," said Nicolas, "slant in such a direction and over there in such another direction as to indicate that somewhat farther down they will lie flat instead of upright on the river bed. If so we are liable to find a ford."

"Ride on and find out," the general ordered.

The commander rode after instead of before his bugler, who kept his eyes on exposed rock ledges till he came to a point where the river widened. Noting the angle of the ledge, Nicolas rode into the water and across. When he returned the general, who had been watching him, had given an order to retreat, and in a few minutes a column was crossing by the ford.

Soon after getting his men over the river the general was re-enforced and desired to return and attack the enemy. The Austrians had meanwhile fortified the opposite bank, and the water had risen to such a height as to render the ford much more difficult. The general called for Nicolas and said:

"You have looked into the sky and into the ground to a purpose. I wish to get my men back across the river. Is there any other direction you can look to find a way?"

"Yes, general; I can look straight before me. Do you see that cotton mill up the stream on the opposite bank?"

"Yes."

"And the man on it fishing?"

"Yes. What of it?"

"Do you notice that his weight has no perceptible effect on its buoyancy?"

"Well?"

"I see a large number of bales under a shed in the rear of the mill. I think that if you build a raft and send a force of men across there they can construct a pontoon bridge of those bales."

The bridge was built, and cavalry, artillery and infantry comprising the general's army crossed on it.

"In another half century," said the general to his aid, "such men as you will be generals and such as I will be fishing in the rocks."

Nicolas returned to Rome a colonel and recommended for a general officer. Brevet was not at all surprised. The only comment was, "I told you so."

Failed to Catch the Tune.

A professor in an old Pennsylvania college was conducting a review in Latin. Of a sleepy looking youth he asked the question, "What construction is that at the top of page 12?"

"I don't know," was the prompt reply.

"Why not?" thundered the professor, "I have been hoping on that construction all term!"

"I know you have, professor," was the soft reply, "but I haven't caught the tune yet."

PRINCIPLE.

Every opportunity needs to be looked at through the glass of principle. It may mean, apart from conscience, a chance of money, social position, power, but if it does not pass muster morally it also means loss. Conscience is a man's best protection.

The Blow of a Wave.

There is an instrument of English invention which is employed to determine the measure of the blow of a wave. This instrument was used to measure the wave blow off the Skerryvore rock, Scotland. There the waves sweep in from the wide Atlantic. In summer a force of over 600 pounds to the square foot was recorded. In winter as high as a ton to the square foot was attained. These figures give some idea as to what ships, lighthouses and other similar structures have to contend with during stress of foul weather.

Peculiarities of the Opossum.

The American opossum is one of the most curious animals living in the United States. It is the only one that carries its young in a pouch like the kangaroo. It is the only animal that can feign death perfectly. It is remarkable for hanging by its tail like a monkey. It has hands resembling those of a human being. Its snout is like a hog's, while its mouth is liberally furnished with teeth. Its eyes are like a rat's, and it hisses like a snake.—Exchange.

Origin of the Tricolor.

The French tricolor, which has been traced by ingenious antiquaries to so many different sources, is really derived from the dress of the "Trinitarians," a religious order founded specially for the purpose of redeeming from slavery those Christians who had been captured by Moors, Turks or other "infidels." They held large endowments in Rome and formerly owned part of the present gardens of New College, at Oxford. It was the close association of these Trinitarians with "liberty" that led Lafayette at the revolution to adopt their habit of red, white and blue for the new flag of France.—Westminster Gazette.

Microscopic Mechanism.

Mycetides, an ancient carver, was so proficient in microscopic mechanism that he made an ivory ship, with all its decks, masts, yards, rigging and sails, in so small a compass that it might have been hidden under the wing of a fly. He also made a chariot with four wheels and as many harnessed horses, which took up scarcely more room than the ship.

George Whitehead, an Englishman, made a ship, with all things pertaining to it, to move, as if it sailed, upon a table. "All hands were aloft, a woman made music on a lute, and a little puppy cried in the midship, all of which variety," says the old writer, "was pleasant and diverting."

No Lounging Allowed.

"Can't I sell you one of our handsome lounging coats?" asked the clerk.

"No use," replied the man, looking around. "My wife won't let me lounge around the house."—Yonkers Statesman.

Bright Thought.

Millionaire—That portrait doesn't look like me. That face is expressionless, stupid looking, low browed. Artist—Take it at half price and call it one of the founders of your family.—New York Globe.

Then Came the Storm.

"Why is it that the attendants in telephone offices are all women?" Mrs. Brown made this inquiry of her husband.

"Well," answered Mr. Brown, "the managers of the telephone office are aware that no class of attendants work so faithfully as those who are in love with their labor, and they knew that women would be fond of the work in telephone offices."

"What is the work in a telephone office?" Mrs. Brown further inquired.

"Talking," answered Mr. Brown. And that conversation came to an end and a different kind of conversation began.—Chicago Herald.

It was easier to do as others were doing. I went to college that way.

Truth is, I never had any surplus vitality, and my father never demanded anything of me. I haven't any motives now. A few days ago I was interested in forestry. At this time it all seems futile. What's the use of my being alive?

Physical Impossibility.

"So Mrs. Judkins told you she had a new enterprise on foot. She can't have."

"Why not?"

"Because it is a manure establishment."—Baltimore American.

He Let It Go.

Faultfinder (in front of dairy restaurant)—I notice the word dairy on your new sign is spelled d-i-a-r-y. Proprietor—I know it is. I was going to have it changed, but the painter convinced me his way of spelling the word was more suggestive. Faultfinder—More suggestive? Proprietor—Yes; he said it conveyed the idea of putting things down.—Judge.

To Market on Stilts.

An interesting and picturesque custom in southwestern France is that of going to market on stilts. Groups of young men and women mounted on high stilts may be seen daily crossing the marshy plains known as the Landes. The Landes are cut up into small ditches, pools and hummocks, and stilts are in consequence almost necessary to those who desire to traverse them.

Our Shrieking Earth.

Professor Rollin D. Salisbury of the University of Chicago says a continuous process of contraction is going on inside the earth and will continue until all the chemicals within it have been transformed into the densest compounds, millions of years hence. Earthquakes are a result of the contracting process.

An Improvised Boat

By JOHN TURNLEE

During the war between the states the singular methods used by prisoners of war for escape sound very gauzy today, fifty years after they occurred. But when one considers the number of men under arms, then figures the proportionate number of prisoners and remembers that one in fifty is not a large proportion of prisoners who made attempts to escape, he will see that quite a little army made the venture. For example, suppose there were 100,000 prisoners taken during the war, 2,000 men tried to escape.

Among the curious ventures made by Union prisoners in the south between 1861 and 1865 was that of Charles Dorrance, a private in the Union army. Dorrance was wounded during the operations around Vicksburg and taken to a house on a small plantation, where he was nursed by a young southern girl.

Every one knows how conducive to love is nursing. Mabel Owen captured her patient without any trouble, and he captured her the first time she saw him. She was a country girl, and Charles was a city boy, with a clear, honest eye and a pleasant smile. It was not to be wondered that she surrendered on sight.

Had the captive of Cupid rejoined his command as soon as he was well enough to do so he would probably not have been made a captive of Mars. He dallied, and a troop of Confederate cavalry came along and took him to the camp of an infantry brigade on the bank of the Mississippi river. Mabel, on seeing her lover taken away from her, was disconsolate. When he bid her goodbye, moved by the strongest impulse in humanity, love, he whispered in her ear:

"Be on the lookout for me, for I'll come back to you if I have to come in my coffin!"

The day Dorrance was taken to the Confederate camp two deserters were tried by court martial and sentenced to be shot. A carpenter was at once set to work to make the coffins. He was doing the job in sight of the guard tent where Charles was confined.

Charles noticed that he was making slow progress and heard an officer berating him, saying that if he didn't work faster he wouldn't get the job done in time for the execution, which was appointed for half an hour after reveille the next morning. Charles told the officer that he knew all about making coffins—his was false—and would help, if permitted. The officer accepted the offer, and Charles went to work.

One of the coffins was a very large one and the other a very small one. Charles worked on the large one. He did not finish it till long after dark and was permitted to go on, a sentinel being placed over him to see that he remained in camp.

It was about an hour after taps, and the command was asleep, all except the chain of sentinels surrounding the camp, and so was the guard detailed to watch the prisoners. There was a way open to Charles—the river. Unfortunately he couldn't swim and had no boat. But Charles conceived an idea. Boring holes in the upper edges of the coffin, he drove pins in the holes, then roughly shaped a couple of four inch planks into a pair of oars.

The pins were the right distance apart for rowlocks. The blades of the oars were the right thickness, but the rest was rather thin.

He was working within a few yards of the river, and, putting the oars in the coffin, he carried it to the water, launched it, got in, and the friendly current carried him out into and down the river. As soon as he had gone far enough from shore he took up his oars, thereby steadying his improvised boat, which was topply.

Charles had been taken up the river some distance above the plantation where he had been nursed and doated back to it. He kept awake till morning; then, being young and the young requiring sleep, he lay flat on his back and settled to slumber.

Mabel Owen arose early that morning, got the breakfast for the family and went out to mourn for her lost lover. She was sitting on a stump on the bank of the river when, looking northward, she saw something like a boat in the distance. As it approached it did not show the curved outline of a skiff. It was rather a parallelogram with bulged sides, at an angle. When it came near enough to be distinguished she saw that it was a coffin with a body in it.

Her first thought was that the ever changing Mississippi had washed into a graveyard and let out a corpse. But she couldn't understand why it had no lid. The grewsome boat came on with the current till it floated directly under the bank where Mabel sat. A recognition of her lover and a remembrance of his promise to come back to her if he had to come in his coffin came to her simultaneously, and she gave a shriek sufficient to raise the dead.

It certainly raised the living, for it awakened Charles, who opened his eyes and saw his girl bending over the bank directly above him. He sat up, grasped the oars, turned his boat to shore, and in a few minutes the lovers were clasped in each other's arms.

Charles didn't stay long with her, however. He rejoined his command, but after the war returned for his sweetheart.

There is no record as to how the big deserter got on without a coffin.

America's First Lighthouse.

The first lighthouse built on this continent was at St. Augustine, Fla. Its chief use was as a lookout, whence the Spanish people of the town could see vessels approaching from Spain or get notice of the coming of foes in time to run away. The tower attracted the attention of Francis Drake as he was sailing along the coast with his fleet of high poop ships on his way home from pillaging the cities of the Spanish main, so he stopped long enough to loot the town and destroy what he could not take away.

THINK OF OTHERS.

Think not always merely of your own purposes. No man can live happily who regards himself alone, who turns everything to his own advantage. Go forth into the busy world and love it, interest yourself in its life, mingle kindly with its joys and sorrows, try what you can do for men rather than what you can make them do for you, and you will know what it is to have men yours, better than if you were their king and master.

Singular Statues.

The bust of Mr. Chamberlain, with an eyeglass, at the Guildhall remains one of the statues of Francois Coppes in Paris, with a marble cigarette. There are two statues in Great Britain which deserve including in the catalogue of sculptured curiosities. One stands in the central square of Glasgow and represents the figure of James Oswald, M. P., holding his top hat upside down by the brim, as if he were offering to catch pennies. The other is the statue of Samuel Palmer, in the main street of Reading. The venerable bluet maker has not only a chimney pot of the period, but an umbrella of the true Sairey Gamp kind. Both statues often cause a smile.—London Tit-Bits.

A Freak of Fashion.

Many letters still exist written by prominent citizens of colonial times ordering clothing, chiefly from Europe. Rich laces, silk materials, velvet and fine cloth of light and gay colors abounded. Frequently they ordered nightgowns of silk and damask. These nightgowns were not a garment worn at night, but sort of a dressing gown. Harvard students in 1754 were forbidden to wear them. Alice Morse Earle in her writings in "Home Life in Colonial Days" says that under the name of banyan the nightgown became very fashionable, and men had their portraits painted in them—for instance, the portrait of Nicholas Boylston, now in Harvard memorial hall.

Professor Putnam Dead.

Professor Frederic W. Putnam, 75, associated with the faculty of Harvard university since 1874 and a prominent American scientist and historian, died at his home at Cambridge, Mass.

Two Drown as Tug Sinks.

The tug Lackawanna was rammed and sunk off Vineyard Haven, Mass., by the barge Nanticoke, in tow of the tug Triton. Clarence Tinsie and Nicholas Mikey were drowned.

An Infant Mathematician.

Carl Friedrich Gauss, the famous German mathematician, when he was three years old overheard his father making a calculation in regard to the wages of some workmen. Young Carl suddenly looked up and called his father's attention to the fact that he had made an error in his figures in one place. This boy entered the gymnasium at the age of eleven and mastered all studies with the greatest rapidity, so that at fourteen he was thoroughly well informed in literature, science and philosophy. His mathematical faculty increased rather than diminished with years, and much of modern mathematical science is due to his labor.

Westminster Abbey.

The full legal title of Westminster abbey is "the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, Westminster." Very few people have heard the famous burial place so designated. A collegiate church, as distinguished from a parish church, is one that is administered by a "college" of priests instead of an individual rector or vicar.—Westminster Gazette.

ly intensity. "Let go or I'll choke the life out of you! Let go, I say!"

He raised a hand to beat her off, but she was too strong, too desperate to be driven away. She was as blind to pain as a mother eagle and bent above him so closely that he could not bring the full weight of his fist to bear. With one determined hand still clutching his throat, she ran the fingers of her other hand into his hair and twisted his head upward with a power which he could not resist. And so, looking into his upturned ferocious eyes, she repeated with remorseless fury, "Let go, I say!"

His swollen face grew rigid, his mouth gaped, his tongue protruded, and at last, releasing his hold on his Only One Drawback.

"A pussen's dog, sah, is one thing shav't o' bein' de best friend he's got," stated old Brother Hawhee, who was a great hand to philosophize. "In health he 'joines wid yo', in sickness he suffers too. When yo's in jail he's waitin' right outside de do' for yo', and when dey turns yo' loose he greets yo' wid a yell o' welcome. He's yo' guide and companion and friend; but, dad blame him, yo' kain't borrow a dollar off him, no matter if yo' dess natch'ly got ter have it."—Kansas City Star.

Tart Repartees.

Of Sir William Harcourt, Disraeli once said in his affectedly cynical way, "He has the three essential qualifications of success in politics—a fine pen, a loud voice and no principles."

To this when it was repeated to him Harcourt rejoined, "Leaving out the first two qualifications, it might almost be applied to 'Dizzy' himself."

Heat.

Though heat will make a solid or a liquid invadescent, it can only increase the pressure of a gas.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

In its best estate and in its highest condition life is a fight, not a truce; a struggle, not an achievement; a growth, not a pleasure; a discipline, not a relaxation. The man who wins his real successes is not he who has the most perfect health, but he who bears disease and misfortune with silent courage and gains from them a more daring spirit.

Blind Death

By M. QUAD

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We were hunting among the Black Hills soon after the first rush of home-stealers and speculators in that direction, and one day I left camp on my own hook and wandered away three or four miles. As I stood resting beside a tree I saw a deer only a pistol shot away. It was a fine buck, and he walked into the open as cool and unconcerned as if nobody had ever thirsted for his life.

I ought to have dropped him dead at that distance, but he fell at my fire to get up and limp away, and, knowing him to be mortally wounded, I followed after. The ground was very rough and covered with cedar thickets, and, being a bit excited, I pushed on as fast as possible and paid little heed of what was underfoot. Of a sudden I found myself falling, and as I went down I dropped my gun to clutch at the branches. I went down ten or twelve feet over rocks, struck on my foot and then plunged forward and brought up beside a big detached rock with a smooth shelve enough to have killed one outright. I did break two ribs and terribly bruise my hip and fainted away with the pain.

When I came to I was lying on my right side, facing the jungle of rocks over which I had fallen, and I realized at once that I was badly hurt—just how badly I hesitated to find out, remembering that I was miles away from camp and could expect no help. I lay quiet, hoping the pains would soon go away, when I got such a shock as nearly put my wits to sleep again. Almost in front of me and only twenty-five feet away was the mouth of a den in the face of the cliff, and out of this den stalked the largest panther I had ever seen. He stood snuffing the air and looking full at me, and when I realized how helpless I was even to utter a call for aid I almost lost consciousness.

The wind was blowing pretty freely, and, luckily for me, it blew toward me. At first this was not of the slightest importance to my mind, as the beast could reach me with one spring, but I soon had reason to conclude that he was a queer animal. He turned to the left and trotted over the ground a distance of about fifty feet; then he wheeled and passed the den by about the same distance. When he had gone over the beat two or three times I discovered what was the matter. As he came toward me the sun shone full in his face, and I saw that he was stone blind. There was a white film over each eye, and he could not have seen a tree in his path.

Disense or accident had blinded him, but he possessed every other power nature gives to the dreaded beast—grace, litheness, strength—death!

There is a curious fascination in watching the beast as he takes his promenade. I forgot my pains as I rejoiced over his blindness. Had he been possessed of his erstwhile vision—aye, could he but see ever so little—he would spring upon me, faster than long yellow fangs into my throat, and in thirty seconds all would be over. But he is blind. He cannot discover my presence if I remain quiet.

Heaven save me!

A shift of the wind, which here circles around and eddies about, has carried him the scent. He stops midway in his promenade, rears up and sniffs the air with a savage growl, and my heart beats so that it seems he must surely hear it and follow the sound until his hot breath is on my face.

Sniff! Sniff! Growl! To the right, to the left, straight ahead!

There he's lost it as the wind eddies about, and now he stands stock still and utters a continuous growl as he waits to catch it again. No, not like a statue. His long tail sweeps the ground in a half circle, and his ears work swiftly back and forth. Blind death waiting to rend, bite, tear and kill!

The scent again. He rears up, whirls about three or four times as if on pivot, and now he points full at me. A tapeline fifteen feet long would cover the distance between us—between where I lie helpless as he crouches for a spring. If those sightless eyes could be restored how they would glint and glitter and blaze.

Growl! Growl! W-r-r-r!

There's something in the sound which chills my blood—a menace, a warning of what is to come which bids me shut my eyes and utter a last prayer. Why does he hesitate? What delayed his going? Ah, the wind has shifted again, and now his infirmity reasons against his natural ferocity. He has been blind for a year or two, perhaps. He has never left the cave except to move up and down over that one route. If he leaves it, if he springs at me, he may fall over a cliff for all he can tell. Had the scent held a moment longer he might have attacked, but now the breeze freshens up, the leaves around him are blown higher, and he is seeming to argue that his quarry has passed on and is out of his reach. Blind death crept back to his cave and entered it with mutterings of savage disappointment.

Well for me that his mate was not home and did not return until I had managed to drag myself out of the neighborhood and secure assistance to reach camp. Had there been eyes to see me Blind Death might now be flinging my cracked and whitened bones about his dark den as he rolls himself in sportive mood.

Acquitted.

"Sir!" said the young woman, with what seemed to be indignation. The young man looked embarrassed. "Yes, I did kiss you," he admitted, "but I was impulsively insane."

"That means that a man would be a lunatic to kiss me?"

"Well, any man of discretion would be just crazy to kiss you."

This seemed to end the strain, and, no jury being present to muddle affairs, a satisfactory verdict was reached.

A Glimpse of Lisbon.

Lisbon leaves the definite impression of a gay, bright capital, if not of a truly beautiful city. Beautiful it certainly is by nature, seated on its lofty hills overlooking the Tagus and interspersed everywhere with semitropical gardens and lawns, but its newer houses are too rectangular, too "ficking in imagination, to make anything but rather monotonous streets. Even the Praça do Comercio, though laid out upon a truly magnificent scale, fails to arouse enthusiasm.

This is the city's aspect to the casual visitor who devotes but a day or two to its sights. But to one who is willing to give it a week or more it holds many attractions.

The seeker for the picturesque will delight in the water front in the morning hours and in the fisher folk—the men in black bag caps and knee breeches; the women, barefoot, setting out with basket on head to trot the city streets. These fishermen are the most picturesque of the Lisbon types, and most of them are really beautiful, the fine oval of their faces, their smooth complexions and lustrous, almond shaped eyes recalling the Mauresques and clearly bespeaking their oriental origin. — Ernest Peixotto in Scribner's.

A Pen Portrait of Carlyle.

He looked, I thought, the prophet. His clothes loose and careless, for comfort, now show; the shaggy, unkempt gray that of hair; the long beard, the bony, almost fleshless face of one who has fasted and suffered; the transparent overhanging cliff forehead; the firm, heavy mouth and out-thrust challenging chin—the face of a fighter; force everywhere, brain and will dominant; strength redeemed by the deepest eyes, most human, beautiful; by turns piercing, luminous, tender, gleaming; pathetic, too, for the lights were usually veiled in brooding sadness, broken oftenest by a look of dumb despair and regret; a strong, sad face, the saddest face I ever studied—all petrified, so to speak, in tearless misery as of one who had come to wreck by his own fault and was tortured by remorse—the worm that dieth not.—From "Contemporary Portraits," by Frank Harris.

Judged by Appearances.

In "Twenty Years of My Life" Douglass Shaden recalls a story told to the Authors' club long ago by Sir J. M. Barrie against himself and in broad Doric:

"I expect it was just a ben trovato, but it was none the less amusing. He apologized for being late. He had been to the wrong club. He had never been to the Authors' club before, he said (though he was a member of the committee), so he asked a policeman the way. From the way in which he pronounced the word the policeman thought he meant Arthur's, which was quite near the Authors' club when it was in its temporary premises in Park place. When he got there he found it a very grand place, he said. The club porter looked him up and down and said, 'The servants' entrance is round the corner.'"

Verdi and His Admirer.

Verdi was once traveling in the same railway carriage with General Tour non. They got into conversation, which soon turned on the subject of music, and the general, who did not know his companion, expressed enthusiastic preference for that of Italy. "I can hardly go so far with you," replied the other. "For me, art has no frontiers, and I give German music the preference over Italian."

"Indeed, sir," said the general testily. "For my part, I would give all the German operas in the world for one act of 'Rigoletto.'"

"You really must excuse me from following you any further on this ground," replied the composer, blushing